When the Elders of the Universe sensed the coming of a threat of galactic proportions, they asked Deadpool, the Merc with the Mouth, to assemble a team fearless (and stupid) enough to stand against it.

Never one to back down from a mission spelling certain death, Deadpool scoured the multiverse and gathered alternate versions of himself: Lady Deadpool, Kidpool, Dogpool and Headpool.

Together they form the

DEADPOOL CORPS

The Omega Confederation has hired the Corps to quell a rebellion of the indigenous Krook on the resource-rich planet Kagan 7. Deadpool quickly realizes that the Krook are willing to pay them far more for their services and promptly switches sides.

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SIX DAYS EARLIER...
♪GROAN♪
WHY ARE THERE TINY GNOMES IN MY SKULL HITTING THE BACKS OF MY EYEBALLS WITH SLEDGE HAMMERS?
THAT ALIEN HOOCH KNOCKED ME ON MY BUTT.
WAIT. WHAT PLANET IS THIS AGAIN?
YOU ARE ON THE KROOK HOMEWORLD, LADY DEADPOOL.
AND YOU DRANK A KEG OF MY BEST BRANDY.
I THINK YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET IT BACK.
THE CELEBRATION WAS MUCH DESERVED, DEADPOOL CORPS, BUT NOW IT'S TIME TO GET BACK TO WORK.
MY SCOUTS REPORT A SMALL SHIP DROPPING FROM ORBIT. WE THINK IT'S THE OMEGA CONFEDERATION.

WALK WITH ME AND TALK WITH ME, KING-BABY.
ACTUALLY, TOUCHING ROYALTY WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PUNISHABLE BY DEATH ON THIS PLANET.
YEAH, AND WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TALK ABOUT THAT ATTITUDE. WE'LL NEED TO WORK ON YOUR IMAGE IF WE'RE GOING TO MAKE YOU MORE MEDIA FRIENDLY.
WHAT?
KING-BABY, IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS, THE KROOK HOMEWORLD IS GOING TO BE THE CENTER OF THE GALAXY.
PLEASE STOP CALLING ME KING-BABY.
BUT FIRST, WE NEED TO ORGANIZE OUR DEFENSES. I'D LIKE TO INSPECT YOUR TROOPS.
YOU HAVE TROOPS, RIGHT?
WE ARE A WARRIOR RACE. EVERY MAN AND WOMAN OF AGE IS A TROOP.
TALK TO TEELA. SHE IS THE BATTLE PRINCESS OF THE KROOK PEOPLE.

"SHE CAN BE FOUND IN THE GROTTO OF CONTEMPLATION."
HALT, NONE MAY ENTER THE ROYAL GROTTO.
NO, IT'S OKAY. THE DEADPOOL CORPS HAVE BEEN GIVEN FULL ACCESS TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.
-SIGH- IT WOULD BE NICE TO GET A HEADS-UP ON THESE THINGS.
MAN, THIS PLACE IS IDYLLIC. WE SHOULD GET A SUMMER HOUSE HERE AFTER THE REVOLUTION.
Idyllic. Sure. Too bad we have to mess it up.
WHAAAAAA?
Don't play dumb.
LA LA LA LA! I'M NOT LISTENING!
GUYS, COULD YOU SHUT UP IN THERE? I'M TRYING TO--
WHOA!
HELLLLOOOOO, PRINCESS.